

Metals

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Metals

by [mycatalrhythm](#)

Summary

After a month of not seeing new piercings appear on his body, Hermione was about to give up and just assumed he stopped getting new ones—until she heard Theo telling everyone that Draco has stopped getting piercings after his fifth one a few weeks ago.

She counted. Ear, navel, lip, tongue.

That's only four though?

Or when Hermione learned how her curiosity is rewarded.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Hermione used to think that her perceptiveness—her ability to immediately notice something new (e.g. a change in appearance) is a blessing.

But it's not her perceptiveness that noticed something new is happening to a Slytherin, anyone with a functioning pair of eyes would have noticed the commotion around the Slytherin table in the Great Hall during lunch.

No.

Her perceptiveness noticed *why* a commotion was there.

From far across the room, probably perfected by years of Harry and Ron obsessing over Draco Malfoy and his peers and squinting to read to their lips, Hermione was able to make out a shiny metal ring adorning his ear. His right ear to be exact.

Draco Malfoy got an ear piercing.

Oh, she thought, partially bored. That's nothing. Hardly a cause for commotion. She doesn't understand why people are absolutely losing their shit over it. She returned to eating her food.

Later, when she was lounging on the couch in their shared Head Boy/Head Girl Common Room, Hermione started to understand what the fad is about.

He came in, acknowledged her presence and nodded at her as usual, then walked to his room. Looking at his side profile, she was able to see the piercing closely and how it affected his face.

The metal ring hugging his earlobe was silver in colour and it twinkled under the room's dim lighting. If she had to make a comment, she guessed she can admit that the little piece of seemingly unrecognizable accessory made his jaw even more refined. Not that it was exceptionally refined to begin with.

Or maybe it was, but not that Hermione was a fan to begin with.

She's just saying, she can see why people are attracted to the piercing.

After recognizing that little piece of fact, she returned to the book she was reading.

A week later, Hermione exited her room to what she thought was an empty living room.

Thought—because Draco was already there. Changing his shirt.

“Shit, sorry, Granger. In a hurry,” Draco explained when he saw her appear by her bedroom’s doorway.

She wanted to say, *it’s alright* and continue to the pantry to make tea nonchalantly. But she can’t. Something caught her eyes—a glimmering set of metal balls sitting beautifully on his belly button.

A navel piercing.

Draco Malfoy got another new piercing.

She looked at how the glimmer of the piercing complimented his toned chest and stomach, probably from all his Quidditch exercises. Not that she had been paying attention to his abs before. It’s just—it’s nice. The piercing looks nice on him.

She caught herself staring minutes later, and if he noticed her staring, he didn’t let on. Hermione sighed in relief, thanking his state of hurry.

Hermione hit the shower that day and thought of Draco’s piercing as she saw her own belly button in the mirror. She couldn’t help but think about how the metal would feel against her fingers—how it would feel touching his piercing along with his toned flesh. She unconsciously brought her hand to her own navel, grazing it with her fingers, then moved lower and lower.

She stopped herself before it reached her clit.

What the absolute fuck are you doing, Hermione Granger, she scolded herself. It was a piercing. It was nothing special. You’ve seen plenty of them on your Muggle friends!

Yes, the other part of her mind supplied, *but you’ve never seen it on Malfoy*.

She shook her head, as if clearing her irreverent thoughts and continued her shower. Definitely without touching herself.

Or if she did, it was definitely not to the thought of Draco Malfoy.

Another week passed by when Draco found her sitting in the library, doing her work, as usual. He knows she studies there all the time, he joins her sometimes for some peace and quiet reading. They both had a mutual understanding that currently in Hogwarts, there wasn’t a lot of place where they wouldn’t be bothered by nosy first years.

She looked up to see him drag a chair out for him to sit on, and immediately returned to read the paper in her hand—and snapped her head back up at him again.

Her quick movement was too obvious to not be noticed and he looked at her confused, “Is something wrong? Am I not welcomed here anymore?” He partially joked.

At being caught red-handed and off-guard, she stammered and decided to come out with the truth. “Nothing. Well—it’s no big deal anyway. I just—I noticed your um, your lip ring.”

Draco frowned but then understood. “Oh,” his hand reached his mouth to touch his lip piercing, parting his lip in the process, and Hermione couldn't help but stare at them. “Yeah, it’s new, thanks for noticing,” he said with a small smirk.

“I—well,” she felt the need to defend herself. That she didn’t notice because she was particularly trying to. She’s just perceptive and she notices changes in everyone. “It’s very noticeable. It twinkles. Under the light. Your other piercings did too.” She caught herself at the slip, but it was too late.

His grin widened, becoming smug. “I’m sure it did.”

Those are the last words they exchanged with each other in the library that day, Hermione deciding to shut her mouth in case she said something stupid again.

On next week’s Potions class, which she had spent sitting next to and partnering up with Draco since the beginning of their truce, Draco was late. She was then joined by another curly, dark haired Slytherin. The moment the man sat down, she knew he was going to be a menace. But she let him.

“Hermione,” he greeted with a small smirk.

“Theo,” she nodded.

She tried to ignore him, but Theo didn’t seem to care, as he continued to start a conversation with her anyway.

“I heard you liked Draco’s piercing.”

She promptly turned her head towards him at that. “I never admitted—I never said that. What did he say?”

He huffed a small laugh. “Just that you noticed several of his piercings.”

“Right,” she frowned. “It was easy to notice.”

“I know, I suggested places that are easily noticeable.”

“You suggested it to him?” she asked, surprised.

“I pierced all his body parts for him,” he answered. “I started learning about them. Call me curious. Asked if he wants to be my non-paying customer.”

She nodded, storing that information for later. For what, she wasn’t sure.

There was a sudden noise of a heavy book being placed on a table behind her that made her look. Draco just arrived, appearing to be out of breath. “Woke up late,” he explained at her confusion.

He then threw his head back and exhaled a deep breath. That’s when Hermione saw it.

Two metal balls, connected by a horizontal bar. Pierced to his tongue.

Draco Malfoy got a tongue piercing.

Fuck. She read about this.

She read that tongue piercings would help—in oral sex. Made it more pleasurable for the receiver.

She’d received oral before, of course, but never from a guy with a tongue piercing. She wondered what it would be like if she received it with his tongue.

Her thighs clenched, and she got lost in her thoughts—up until she heard a cough from her right.

Theo was smirking, but instead of looking at her, he was looking at Professor Slughorn who, apparently unnoticed by Hermione, had already arrived and started teaching.

Her cheeks turned red, but she turned her body to pay attention to the Professor. She knew without a doubt Theo noticed her staring at Draco, but can only hope that Draco did not.

The weeks following that, there was never an incident where Draco was late, and he continued to spend week after week beside her in Potions. He also still joined her during the library studies, and still talked to her during Head duties.

But it’s weird. She never noticed any new piercings. Not even after a month.

He has been consistently getting new piercings every week for a month, so what changed?

Maybe she just didn’t notice it.

She spent another week paying extra attention to his appearance—his ear including the inner slopes, his brow, his tongue, his nose. But to no avail. No new piercings.

So she decided to give up after a night of scolding herself, again. *Get a fucking grip, Hermione. Stop thinking of Draco Malfoy.* She found herself doing that a lot these days.

She was on track of giving up her infatuation to his piercings. Not that she would call it that, she just couldn’t find a better word.

Fixation? Fixation. Maybe that’s a better word.

Anyway. She was on track of forgetting her fixation. But of course, the universe doesn't always work the way she wanted it to. As she entered the Great Hall, she heard Theodore Nott animatedly talking to his Slytherin mates. "No, no, he's not getting anymore. He stopped after his fifth."

Of course, she thought. That made sense now. He stopped after his fifth, that's why I couldn't find more piercings on him since a month ago.

Then she stopped walking.

Then she mentally counted.

There was an earlobe piercing.

Then there was the navel piercing.

Then the lip piercing.

And lastly, the tongue piercing.

That was four wasn't it? She has never been horrible at Math?

She frowned, and decided to stop thinking about it for a while.

Of course she wasn't so successful. She could hardly stop staring at him from across the hall while she was eating her dinner.

She continued thinking about it way after she returned to her Common Room, changed into her sleepwear and lied on the couch.

Maybe it's at places where it's not visible to other people? But where?

She stopped her thought and blushed. It can't—it can't be, right?

No, when he was changing in the living room the other week she could see no nipple piercing.

Could it be—a dick piercing then?

She clenched her thighs at the thought. An image of his hard cock came to her mind, a Prince Albert adorning the tip. Her hand almost unwittingly reached in between her thighs, if not for the sound of a door opening—Draco coming in from outside.

"Granger," he greeted as he stood near her, loosening his ties.

Her eyes accidentally flew down to his pants, still thinking of her previous thought. His eyes seemed to have caught her line of sight and looked down to his clothed pelvis as well, then looked up to catch her eyes and smirk.

Her cheeks flushed and she immediately sit up straight on the couch, gathered her things and cleared her throat. “Alright then, I’ll be reading in my room. Good night, Malfoy.”

He grinned and returned her greeting.

Once in her room, she revisited her hypothesis. *No, Hermione, what were you thinking? You saw him shirtless weeks ago. He might have gotten nipple piercings since then. A dick piercing? Don’t make me laugh.*

She decided that yes, it must have been a nipple piercing.

Only because she’s not sure she can function thinking that Draco has a dick piercing.

When does this obsession even start?

Fuck fixation—she’s smarter than this. She knows it stopped being a fixation a while ago.

Looking back, his navel piercing caught her most off-guard. She did see it with all the glory of his well-built body afterall, and it’s quite difficult separating his piercing from the rest of his toned chest and stomach when she was thinking about it.

Then it was his tongue piercing. Fuck, she really wants to know what it feels like to be eaten out with his tongue.

She then got out of her bed, and exited her room.

If in the future somebody asked her what she was thinking—if *she* asked herself what she was thinking—she’d answer with, she wasn’t thinking.

She’s not even sure she was entirely conscious when her feet brought her to the door of his room.

She only realized what she was doing once she knocked on his door, and he opened the door with a casual shirt and trousers, getting ready to rest.

“Yes, Granger?” he asked, leaning to his doorway.

She stammered, not knowing what to say. Obviously, because she didn’t have an actual reason for coming here. And the real genuine reason she has, she couldn’t say.

“I—” she looked down to the floor, trying to look for an excuse, but fixed her eyes on his abdomen instead, where she found his navel piercing last time.

Draco must have noticed her gaze, because he asked with a lazy smirk. “Do you like it?”

“What?”

“My navel piercing. Do you like it?”

“What? I—um,” she shook her head, trying to clear the fog in her brain. “I didn’t get a proper look at it, actually. Couldn’t say whether I like them.”

“Well you can look now.”

She gaped at him, trying to figure out if he said what she thought he had said.

“Go on, Granger. I’m feeling generous, I might not be as generous later.”

At his ultimatum, she felt the immediate push to look. Like any hesitation would lose her the chance to satisfy her infatuation once and for all.

She knelt in front of him, her left hand holding his legs to hold her steady, her right lifting his shirt slowly until his navel piercing came to sight.

First time seeing it up close, she traced it with her fingers. It’s a metal ball, and while his skin is hot, the piercing is cold to her skin.

She marveled at how it looks, how it feels on him. She wants to feel it in her mouth.

“Will it hurt if I kiss it?”

He shook his head, seemingly holding his breath for what’s to come.

She brought her mouth closer to his navel and kissed it softly the first time, testing it out. When she’s sure that he didn’t feel any pain she kissed it harder. She traced the piercing with her tongue, licked a stripe from the edge of his trousers to the metal ball.

He then took hold of his shirt and lifted it on top of his head, making him topless. Her eyes widened for a fraction of a second when her previous hypothesis was proven wrong—there was no piercing on his nipples. That leaves one last possible place, but she didn’t have a lot of time to ponder over this.

His right hand started caressing her jaw before moving to push her hair back to see her better and she preened at the attention.

Her eyes glanced up at him for a minute and he groaned at how she looked from where he stood.

Her left hand started tracing higher up his leg, closer and closer to the hard bulge straining against his trousers.

She then stopped kissing his navel piercing and looked up to ask.

“I—I heard Theo said you stopped after your fifth piercing.”

He nodded, his eyes staring at hers.

She gulped, her voice breathier than she'd like the next time she spoke. "I only see four."

"Smart girl," he grinned lazily. Her insides fluttered at the compliment.

He used his right thumb to lower her bottom lip. "Go on and check, then. You're a clever little witch, aren't you? I'm sure you have your guess as to where the last piercing is located."

She slowly nodded.

"Good," he said, "I'll let you kiss it too once you've found it."

She was reluctant to break eye contact, but eventually did to slowly open his trousers.

He didn't let it linger on his ankles, he immediately moved to kick it away, leaving him in his black boxers.

Hermione lowered his boxers with anticipation—and she could instantly see it.

Two metal balls, twinkling under the light, as if teasing her, attached to the head of his cock. She gasped, and he helped take her hand to lower the rest of his boxers.

She stared at the piercing on his cock, entranced, her hand just resting on his thighs.

She was awakened from her reverie when his hand once again tilted her chin to look at him. His cock, hard and pulsing, the same level to her mouth.

He laughed a little at her expression and asked, "You like it?"

"Yes."

"What are you waiting for then?" He gave his head a gentle push that her nose touched his shaft. "Kiss it, Granger."

This time, she didn't waste any second worrying if it's going to hurt him. Her right hand took hold of his cock and brought it to her lips. She kissed the head softly and moaned at the cold sensation to her lips.

She then licked the metal balls, played with it using her tongue. Her right hand stroked his shaft, and her left caressed the piercing on his navel.

She can hear him curse as he gathered a bunch of her hair and pushed her head to take his cock in deeper in her mouth. The feeling of the metal balls hitting the back of her throat got her drenched, she took her left hand to start touching her cunt.

But he was quicker. He took her left hand and brought it back to his navel. "That cunt's mine, Granger. No touching." She moaned at his words.

"I'll show you why I got my tongue pierced if you become a good girl," he smirked.

She nodded with a silent promise of being good and continued to suck his cock.

After a while his control began to break.

“Fuck, Granger—” his hips starting moving more erratically, choking her. She clenched her thighs together at the pain, something that did not go unnoticed.

He pushed her head back, away from his cock and grabbed her shoulders to help her stand. He walked backwards and pulled her towards his bed, making her sit on the edge.

She was too busy controlling her breathing, and he was busy taking her shorts off her and spreading her legs apart.

He grinned when her shorts were completely off. “No knickers, Granger? You know what you wanted when you knocked on my door, didn’t you?”

She flushed at his comment and tried to hide her face, but he stopped her again. “It’s too late to play shy, isn’t it?”

He then let go of her hands to take her thighs and roughly dragged it towards him, making her cunt directly in front of his mouth. She didn’t have time to think as he immediately plunged his tongue inside her cunt.

She screamed at the intrusion. She can feel his piercing gliding on her walls. She can feel it move around every time Draco pulls out his tongue only to push it back in. The metal pushed into her clit when Draco used his tongue to flick it.

“Fuck, Draco please—” she can’t keep her hips still, always trying to cant it upwards to meet his mouth. The ring on his mouth grazed the walls of her cunt every time he sucked.

“What do you want, Granger?” he paused only to ask, then continued to give kittenish licks to her cunt.

“Fuck, please. I want you inside me.”

“I’m already inside you. And I have to say, you taste fucking amazing.”

Her cunt clenched at his compliment—he grinned when he felt it closing in on his tongue.

“I—I fuck—Draco I want your cock. Inside me, please—”

He kissed her cunt once more. “That can be arranged.”

He used his arms to lift her up and threw her roughly to the middle of his bed and she was assaulted with his scent. She loves it more than she thought she would.

He knelt on the bed and crawled towards her, then lifted her left leg, putting her calves on his shoulder.

“I’m going to fuck you hard now, Granger.” She nodded, her breathing labored.

He immediately plunged his cock inside her cunt and she moaned loudly. The feeling of his piercing inside her, grazing her walls with an unforgiving pace is overwhelming her.

The metal inside his mouth is assaulting her nipples, breaking the last barrier to her coherence.

He slowed down his pace to thrust into her deep and hard.

“Fucking—dirty girl—” he said with every thrust. “Staring—at my lips—at my chest—at my fucking pants—” She screamed at a particularly hard thrust. She felt so full, like the tip of his cock, and the piercing that came with it was hitting her cervix. “You think I wouldn’t notice? Fuck—”

“Draco I’m close,” is as much coherence she could muster.

He used his left hand to hold her clit down and canted his thrust upwards. She can feel the ridges of his piercing, the curve of the metal, even more on her wall, nudging her clit.

“Fuck, your cunt—” he cursed when she clenched her pussy around him, getting closer to her climax. “I touched myself everyday—thinking of your cunt around me—since you stared at my navel piercing that day.”

“Draco—” she warned, but he knew and was barely holding back as well. “Come, Granger. Now.”

At his order she did, her hips back arching upwards as she rode her orgasm.

Draco groaned and pulled out to release his cum all over her tits, his metals scraping her already sensitive cunt when he dragged it out.

He collapsed on his back beside her, both of them catching their breaths.

“Fuck, Granger,” he eventually said. “You’re not allowed to get anywhere near Theo’s piercings, you hear me? Not his ear piercing, not his brow piercing, not any of his other piercings.”

She laughed and nodded. She didn’t even realize Theo has piercings.

End Notes

This is my first published work in AO3, so kudos and comments will absolutely make my day!

Scream at me on Twitter (@mycatalrhythm)!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!